

# Good 238 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## HERE'S THE FAMILY! L/COOK JIMMY CAIRNS

WE thought this would give Esther was there, too, and you a surprise, Jim, just she says we are to ask if you to see the family again.

It was Sunday afternoon gives them so good a laugh. when the "Good Morning" She finished up by asking how photographer called at your a pint would go down now? home in 78, Rose Street, Heb- I think we know the answer burn-on-Tyne, and your three- years-old son, Jimmy, was Jane is hoping to see you gambolling about with his pals, shortly, and she says, when she getting into the dirt—as all fit is stirring the Christmas young boys do—and Anne, your pudding, she will be thinking of four-months-old daughter, was you. . . . nestling in the arms of Jane, "That would be fine down the hatch, wouldn't it, Jimmy?"



The £.S.D.  
OF IT

### SWING-IT!

"FULL House" is now the usual notice outside almost every dance hall in the country, from Covent Garden's Opera House, holding 1,500, down to the smallest local "hop." People to-day are ready to pay millions a year to dance.

Where does the money go? First of all there are the "overheads." With interest and rates on a £150,000 building, a staff which may run into 100, from the £20-a-week manager down to the £3 10s.-a-week cleaners, the entrance fees paid by even 1,500 men and women soon begins to melt.

The big expense is the band. The cost of a first-class band may be £200 a week, and they will play

£2,000 worth of instruments. A single instrumentalist, "doubling" several instruments, thought nothing of paying £100-£250 for his instruments before the war. Now they are virtually priceless.

Some bands, of course, have commanded higher prices. Ambrose's band in 1937 was reported to have a net turnover of £50,000. The best instrumentalists got up to £90 a week, but the average was much nearer £12-£15 a week.

Then there are the composers, the men who write the music that makes the average dancer cover about eight miles of floor in an evening and not feel tired. Dance halls pay copyright fees through the Performing Right Society. The charge for a licence varies with the size of the hall and other factors.

The money paid is ingeniously divided amongst the composers on a "points" system. But the composer also gets money from sheet music and other sources. His tune may make him a few pounds, or it may make the £25,000 it is anticipated Irving Berlin's "My British Buddy" will bring shy about asking a stranger to

whom he has given the copyright.

"Show Me the Way to go Home" is believed to have earned the record sum in the region of £50,000.

Many big halls have two bands and non-stop dancing. It is not an uneconomical idea. The bands wear out the dancers, and it is estimated that there are rarely more than half of them on the floor at once, making a little space go twice as far!

When dancing booms, dance teachers' earnings go up. The majority work hard and take bruised toes and all for £3-£10 a week.

But a first-class teacher, especially one who can invent a new step that "catches," may have earnings running into thousands, with fifteen guineas paid for a single short lesson to another teacher.

Professional partners, who used to earn perhaps £5-£10 a week partnering men who came alone, are not doing so well. The reason is that war conditions have made Britons less shy about asking a stranger to

## BRIGHTON GOT ITS SECOND TRUNK MURDER

30 DEC 1943  
STUART MARTIN CONTINUES "UNSOLVED CRIMES"

When he was asked by Crown counsel why he did not go to the police on finding the body, Mancini replied that he was sure the police would not give him a square deal.

The speech for the defence by Mr. Birkett was a dramatic effort. He emphasised that it was the duty of the Crown to prove "beyond all reasonable doubt" that the prisoner was guilty; the law, he pointed out, laid it down that it was a prisoner's right to get the benefit of a doubt.

### "We can't smell," said the Landlord

abilities of coincidence; but it aren't you?" he asked. The was the truth. Neither the stranger replied, "Yes, I am." owner of that house, nor his wife, were conscious of an odour that filled the premises!

In a room the police found the cause of the smell. Inside a trunk which they opened they viewed the huddled-up body of a girl.

Here was Trunk Murder No. 2. In a corner of the room was a blood-stained hammer.

The discovery was made on July 15th, 1934, when all England was already thrilled by Trunk Murder No. 1—the one concerning the female torso found in the trunk at Brighton Central Station on June 17th, which I have already chronicled.

Coincidence steps in again. The police had, in connection with No. 1 crime, already questioned practically every hotel and boarding-house owner in Brighton. They had even searched every house in Kemp Street—except this one. Why? Because when they had previously applied to this one they were informed that the owner and tenants were away from home. So the police had not been able to enter. And now . . .

The public immediately came to the conclusion that this new trunk crime really was a solution of No. 1 trunk crime. Rumours flew and multiplied like the plague. But in this case the girl was soon identified. She was Violette Kaye (her real name was Mrs. Violet Saunders), a toe-dancer, aged 42, but with a figure that looked much younger. She was identified by her mother, who—by another coincidence—was in Brighton when the police searched for Violette Kaye (or Saunders) a few weeks previously.

For Violette Kaye's name had been issued by the police in one of the lists of missing girls in connection with Trunk Murder No. 1. A man who had lived with her had been questioned by the police. His name was Tony Mancini, who, although he was British, had often said he was Italian. He looked like an Italian, and had previously worked as a waiter in Soho.

When he was spoken to by the police about Violette Kaye he had denied all knowledge of her whereabouts, and had quite confidently walked out of the police G.H.Q.

But now the police wanted him again, and he had left Brighton. But they found him.

At dawn on Tuesday, July 18th, a mobile police car was

cruising along a main road near Blackheath. P.C. Tripolow looked out from behind the windscreen. He saw a man more than thirty yards away; and the car glided forward and stopped. P.C. Tripolow stepped out.

"You are Tony Mancini,

So that hunt was over, and Mancini was taken to the police station and later to Brighton, and there charged with murder.

The trial took place at Lewes Assizes, and in the interval the police were at pains, in order to still the many rumours, to insist that the two trunk murders had no connection with each other.

Mancini, it was disclosed, had used other names during his career. He was Tony Mancini, alias Jack Noyze, and had, indeed, four aliases.

His reply to the charge was a plea of Not Guilty, and he was defended by Mr. (later Sir) Norman Birkett, the prosecution being led by Mr. (later Sir) Cassel. The Judge was Mr. Justice Branson.

When Mancini took the stand to be examined by his counsel he was seen to take something from his pocket, whereupon the Judge asked sharply, "What did you then take from your pocket? What is it?"

Mancini did not reply, but held up his hand. He was holding a black rosary.

His true name, he admitted, was Cecil Lois England, he was born in Newcastle, had been a waiter in a cafe in Leicester Square, London, and it was there he had met Violette Kaye. He had lived with her in London, then came to Brighton, where they stayed at various addresses.

He said he was aware that she gained a living by having men visit her, and he alleged that often she drank, and seemed to be "in fear" of something.

They were living at Park Crescent, he said, when one evening he came home and found her lying in bed, and there was blood on the pillow; he saw blood also on the floor. She was dead. He went out for a walk to think things out, and having gone to Black Rock, he came back again about 11.30 p.m.

Fearing that he might be blamed for the death, he took the body, folded clothes around it, and packed it into a cupboard, nailing up the door with a long steel nail. He hammered the nail home with the heel of his shoe.

The next morning—this was in May—he found a letter from his "wife's" sister saying she might come and stay for a day or two, so he sent off a telegram to this sister which read, "Going abroad. Good job. Sail Sunday. Will write.—Vi."

Later he went out, bought a black trunk, had it taken to his rooms, and put the body in the trunk.

And having engaged a room in the house in Kemp Street, he moved, trunk and all, conveying his goods in a handcart.

He denied that he had ever seen the hammer before it was produced by the prosecution. He denied the evidence of a girl, named Golding, who said that he had asked her to live with him. He denied that he had asked another girl, named Savile, to "stand by" him if he was "had up" for murder.

He admitted he had made untrue statements to the police about Violette Kaye when they had first asked him.

Another theory was that she might have been killed by someone else. "Blackmail," cried Mr. Birkett, "is not, unfortunately, too rare. . . . I cannot prove she died by another hand, but I submit that you can never exclude it. There is not the slightest breath of motive here."

It was a great effort. The jury were out for over two hours. They returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

Mr. Justice Branson turned to Mancini. "You are discharged," he said. That was all.

Mancini took a deep breath, opened his mouth to speak, but no word came.

He was escorted downstairs, and drove off with his father and mother in a car with drawn blinds. At a Brighton hotel, where they broke their journey to London, he stood at the door looking at the lights and the crowded street. "It is good to see this again," he exclaimed.

Some time afterwards he made a tour of some towns, lecturing. So he faded from the public eye, and the mystery of Violette Kaye's death was unsolved.

Here I may say something about her. Her real name was Violet Watts. From her earliest years dancing and gaiety attracted her. At the age of 14 she was touring with a revue company. At 15 she married a Welsh miner named Saunders, but parted from him. She had a son.

She danced her way round Britain and through several capitals in Europe. At one time she earned about £1,000 a year. She was a gay wanderer who wanted nothing more of life than money and "a good time." She got both; and then . . . the descent . . . no more gaiety . . . sordidness . . . death by violence. An old, old story.

J.S. Newcombe's  
Short odd—But True

A torpedo fired from a U-boat at the S.S. "Flixton" in the 1914-1918 war missed its target, turned a semi-circle, came back, and hit and sank the U-boat.

Sir Julius Caesar was Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Abyssinia still mints for circulation silver dollars bearing the head of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, and dated 1780.

LET'S HEAR  
FROM YOU,  
SAILOR

## THE LADY IN NUMBER FOUR

By Richard Keverne—Part XXI

## ARRESTED FOR MURDER

LEONE'S swarthy face looked almost green. His eyes ranged the room as though he sought some way of escape. At last he murmured, "I—I know him."

"The police have got him, too," Salter said. "And the woman, Marks. And another of your friends," Salter went on with deadly persistence. "Nurse Marshall. They have all made statements. You can't get out of it. Murder, Mr. Leone. The law punishes murder more severely than blackmail."

That broke the wretched man. He groaned. Then his words came in a torrent.

"I am innocent. I had nothing to do with it. I swear by all the saints. I knew nothing of it. That devil made me do many things, but murder—no. No—no—no. They cannot prove it—never. I tell her only to follow Charlton. I know no more. Why should I want her to die. She was my friend. I helped her. I risked much. When I heard she was dead my hope died, too. Murder! He killed her? He was a fiend!"

To both Merrow and Salter these wild, passionate, disjointed words brought utter

amazement. The man must mean that Janet Warren was his friend. Salter said very sternly:

"Mr. Leone, if what you say is true, I can advise you. I may even help you. Now, tell me your story, quietly. Start with Miss Warren. How did you help her?"

Salter's words had an effect. Leone made a great effort. He clenched his twitching hands.

"I was helping her to escape that—that fiend, Baldock!" He spat the last word out. "Baldock, the man who would ruin me as he would ruin her. As he has ruined hundreds, thousands of miserable people. Baldock! I will be happy the day he is hanged. I will tell you, I will tell you everything. Miss Warren. She had courage, that lady. And so clever. He never knew that she was after him. Charlton never knew. She had fooled him, too. Poor, poor lady. God rest her soul!" He crossed himself.

He told his story hysterically, at times with savage hatred in his voice, repeating himself, insisting on his innocence, cursing Baldock with Latin fluency, but out of it all came a tale far stranger than any Merrow had ever imagined.

Leone told of his earlier friendship with Nurse Marshall, his gratitude to her for her care of him when he had been at her nursing home, of how he had helped her. He had confided in her his dream of building a luxury hotel at Shinglemouth, and when financial troubles came upon her he had bought her house and some acres of land that went with it.

That was the beginning of the unhappy story. Leone had risked the whole of his savings and raised every penny he could to build the Beach Hotel. From that time onward Baldock had made no attempt to disguise his orders. Leone was told what to do, and he did it. There was no doubt that the man was a coward, with a streak of crook in him, but his dilemma was one that would have broken a much stronger character.

Baldock had him completely in his power, and the wretched man could see no way, save ruin, of escape.

Then he told of his meeting with Janet Warren. He guessed why she came to the hotel from time to time. There were others who did the same and went for solitary walks along the lonely beach to meet Charlton so that he might talk without possibility of hidden witnesses to overhear.

It was about two months ago, when Janet had come on one of her periodical visits. Janet, he said, had asked to see him after dinner.

Leone told the story dramatically. He jumped to his feet and paced across the room.

"I stand here, where I stand now," he said. "Miss Warren sits in the chair where that gentleman sits." He indicated Merrow. "Miss Warren looks at me coldly. She says, 'Mr. Leone'—never shall I forget—'do you want to go to prison for blackmail?' I was confounded. I am afraid I spoke rudely. She repeats her question. I try to deny that I know what she means. She tells me things that make my heart stop beating." Leone shuddered.

"I did not know who she was. I swear it," Leone insisted. "I thought her some discarded mistress of his. It was more than a year before I understood. I knew her only as Miss Carnon. I did not know she was his spy, Marks."

Leone's story followed, to Salter, a very familiar course.

Once in Baldock's clutches pressure was applied slowly but inexorably. At first the threat of withdrawing his loan was sufficient, then as the hotel prospered grimmer threats were used. Leone, in his single-minded passion for his beloved hotel, had played straight into Baldock's crafty hands.

He had never enquired why Mr. Charlton was to stay there whenever he liked without payment. If he wondered, he never guessed at first that strange telephone messages that came to him personally, to be passed on personally to Baldock by phone, were other than business messages connected with some financial deal. Baldock, he said, like many financiers, liked to work in the background through agents.

Julio Leone had a tragic disillusionment on the day that he dismissed Miss Carnon for tampering with letters addressed to a guest in the hotel. Leone was summoned to London to see Mr. Baldock. He returned in terror. Baldock had explained to him how deeply involved he was in, and the nature of, certain affairs that had been going on at the Beach Hotel with his apparent approval.

Leone saw himself, if he spoke, ruined and in the dock, charged with blackmail. He knew, too, that Miss Carnon had been placed at the Beach solely to spy for Baldock, to report on likely visitors.

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"She told me that she had realised that it was the only thing to do," Leone said. "She had written about it to this someone, and now she had received a letter in reply.

"It was to show Baldock that letter," Leone explained,

"She knows of Marshall, how she is living with Charlton. She knows that I was a patient at Marshall's nursing home. She says, 'I am not sure yet if you are a rogue or just a fool. Which are you? Never has such a thing been said to me before. I am angry. Then I am frightened.'

Leone returned to his chair and went on more soberly. Janet had offered him a chance in return for his help. She knew that Charlton was merely an agent, and she was determined to discover who his master was. The Italian became excited again.

"She had no fear, that lady," he said, with an emphatic gesture. "She told me, sitting in that chair, that I was a coward. It was true." Leone spoke with

"that she wished to find him. It was a clever move. It would frustrate that devil. I laughed when I thought of him reading it. But she would go further, and there I saw that she would help me. She would go to Baldock, show him the letter, and then tell him she would give him just twenty-four hours to leave the country, go right away, and the next day she would take all her information to the police. It was to save the scandal, and Baldock would have gone. But she did not know who Baldock was."

Leone stopped abruptly, then: "I told her," he said dramatically. "I determined to risk everything. She had given me courage. If she succeeded I should be free. I could defy him. I would go to the police as she would go and tell them how I had been trapped."

A faint smile flickered on Salter's lips. The heroic sacrifice of Guido Leone's was not very convincing. Leone went on.

Baldock was away then, in Paris, he believed. They discussed the scheme, and Janet agreed to wait until they made the next demand on her. Then came the climax. Leone whipped himself into a dramatic frenzy.

"That day she telephoned to me. She arrived before lunch. Just a word passed between us. I tell her it is all right, she is to see me after she has seen Charlton. She came to this room. She was tired; her nerves were strained. But she was content. She had duped Charlton. She had told him that she must have time to pay what he asked of her. That she could not find the money. He had spoken foul words to her, and she had pleaded with him, and all the time to herself she was laughing, that terrible laugh of menace.

"He had come back here in a fury. He would not tell me why, but I knew. Charlton had told her he would give her two hours to change her mind. I knew—we knew

—that he had gone to his master. Miss Warren asked to rest here a little while; she was exhausted. I was distressed. In sympathy I suggested to her a glass of Armagnac, a very special Armagnac. She refused, but I pressed her, for the strain was too great for her to bear.

And she accepted. It gave her strength. She was in a few moments herself again, ready for the final act. We made the plan. When Charlton came back I would tell him that she had gone along the beach, I had seen her go. He

# QUIZ

for today

1. A grake is a Cornish pie, weed, priest's robe, sword, bird, liquid measure?

2. Who wrote (a) The Boy David, (b) David?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Falstaff, Osric, Bassanio, Peer Gynt, Portia, Faust, Porthos?

4. On what river does Lancaster stand?

5. What is the letter "z" called in U.S.A.?

6. When did Brazil become a republic?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Eyeing, Singeing, Microscope, Gutteral, Pawl, Rododendron?

8. What rank in the Navy is the equivalent of a Colonel?

9. Who went to Widdicombe Fair with Uncle Tom Cobley?

10. What is the capital of Egypt?

11. For what do the letters K.C.S.I. stand?

12. Complete the phrases: (a) The Sword of —, (b) Helen of —.

## Answers to Quiz

in No. 237

1. Musical instrument.

2. (a) Rider Haggard, (b) Dean Farrar

3. In honour the "h" is mute; in the others it is sounded.

4. Full moon in October.

5. Official residence of the Prime Minister in Downing Street.

6. Last Thursday in November.

7. Tricycle, Quarrel.

8. Rear Admiral.

9. Mrs. H. V. Roe.

10. Fred Hartley and his Music.

11. Nairobi.

12. (a) Rubicon, (b) Reason.

would wait for her to return—but she would not return. Instead, she would telephone to me and I would tell Charlton the truth. How I waited for that revenge!" Leone sighed. "But she did not telephone to me."

He told how he had watched her drive away an hour later. Of Charlton's return and his anger at not finding Janet there. Of the eagerness with which he had waited through the evening for the telephone call. And he mentioned the "Black Boy."

Leone had suggested that she could stay there. He had never seen the inn, but Charlton had spoken of it as being close to Baldock's house. "Baldock is trying to buy it. He wants to shut it up. It is too near his house. He does not like to think strangers might stay there and watch him."

## CROSSWORD CORNER

### CLUES ACROSS.

1. Light-giver.

5. Shallow vessels.

10. Trust.

11. Quote in support.

12. Illusion.

14. Perfect.

16. On a wall.

17. Dregs.

18. Famous playwright.

21. Sussex town.

22. Animal.

23. Box.

26. Incline.

28. Boy's name.

31. Cotton material.

33. Pet dog.

34. Beast.

35. Wine refuse.

36. Inferior.

37. Revivify.

DAMASK SHAG

UPON IMPUTE

FROG PALMER

FINED RIMM

C RECITES

BOW SUN DIO

TAPERED M

J TAR RABID

ACTIVE MOLE

POLLEN PLAN

EWES DESERT

### CLUES DOWN.

2. Dry. 3. Allot. 4. Choose. 5. Obstruct. 6. Harmful. 7. Rugby tussle. 8. Member of audience. 9. Lissom. 11. Of a city. 13. Walter. 15. Piece of glass. 19. Fruit. 20. Phlegmatic. 24. Dorset town. 25. Ransack. 27. Dull. 29. Survey. 30. Optimistic. 31. Driver's shelter. 32. Vehicle.





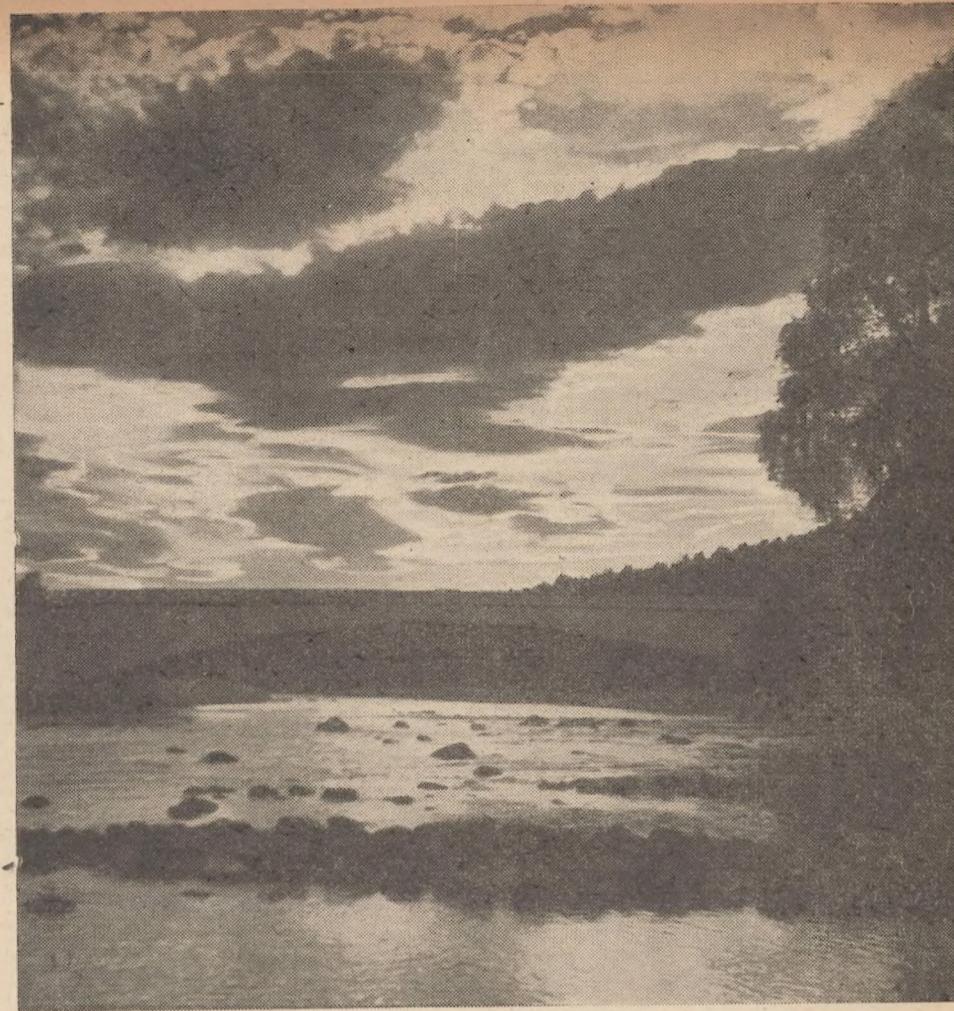
# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## Sothern Allure



"Well, it seemed easy enough when Daddy did it; but I must say this puzzle has got me — well — completely puzzled."



## Bonnie Scotland

Sunset over the river Spey at Grantoun.



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"O.K., sister, I'm NOT deaf."



SAY 99